# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 10.

OUR STUDENT SOLDIERS . . . . . 105
THE LAST SUPPER AND THE CRUCIFIXION . . . . 105
THE STILL HOUR:—
A HYMN OF TRUST . . . . . 109
A LITANY . . . . . 110
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB . . . . . 110
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—
THE COUNTRY CHILD IN WINTER . . . . . 113
NATURAL HISTORY:—
THE MULES' RESPONSE TO KINDNESS . . . . . 114
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS:—
THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE . . . . . 114
A WAR EXPERIENCE . . . . . 116
PRAYER AND THE PREPARATION FOR IT . . . . . 116
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN . . . . . 119
CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE NOTICES . . . . . 120
IMPORTANT NOTICES . . . . . 120

## *OUR STUDENT SOLDIERS.*

(EXTRACT FROM THE HARVARD COLLEGE COMMEMORATION ODE.)

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back
Her wisest Scholars, those who understood
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
And offered their fresh lives to make it good;
No lore of Greece or Rome,
No Science peddling with the names of things,
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits,
And lengthen out our dates
With that clear fame whose memory sings
In manly hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates;
Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all.
Not such the trumpet call
Of thy diviner mood,
That could thy sons entice
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest
Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,
Into War's tumult rude;
But rather far that stern device
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle stood
In the dim, unventured wood,
The VERITAS that lurks beneath
The letter's unprolific sheath,
Life of whate'er makes life worth living,
Seed grain of high emprise, immortal food,
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving.

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness.
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her, plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

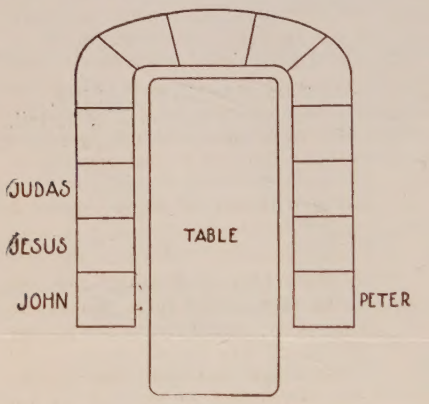
—*James Russell Lowell.*

## *THE LAST SUPPER AND THE CRUCIFIXION.*

Jesus was obliged to make the arrangements for the passover supper without the knowledge of Judas, else Judas might have brought the Roman soldiers to arrest him before the repast was ended. These arrangements had therefore been made privately; and the disciples probably knew nothing of them (Mark xiv. 13, 14).

The master of the house was probably a friend of Jesus; and the man bearing the pitcher, one of his servants. It has been conjectured that the house belonged to the father of Mark (a large house: Acts xii. 13). The young man in the linen wrapper, mentioned only by Mark, is supposed by commentators to be Mark himself.

It is sad that the spirit of this last precious meeting should have been marred by jealousy among the disciples, which led to the dispute, "Who should be accounted greatest?" (Luke xxii. 24). This dispute probably referred to the order of precedence at table, a matter regarded as very important.




As seen by the diagram, the guests at a supper sat around three sides of the table, the seats being arranged much in the shape of a horseshoe. The table was low, and extended beyond this range of seats, to admit the placing of dishes on the end. As the guests reclined on broad divans, it would have been very difficult to hand these dishes over their heads.

It was probably for this reason also that the host, or the person who presided at the feast (in this instance, Jesus), did not sit at what we should call the head of the table, but at the end on which the dishes were placed. One person reclined at his right hand, and the rest in due order, beginning at the left. The seat next him on the left was the place of honor, and probably in regard to this had arisen the dispute for precedence.

As the guests leaned upon the left arm, and as Jesus sat next but one to the end of the table, we have no difficulty in assigning the place on the right next to him: we know from the gospel story that this belonged to John. But who obtained the chief seat, the post of honor? We have had to wait a long time for Edersheim to explain to us that Judas must have succeeded in gaining this place. The light thrown on the story by his knowledge of Jewish customs makes this almost certain.

At a certain stage of the supper it was the custom of the person who presided at the table to dip into a preparation of vinegar "the sop" (a bit of bread with bitter herbs), and hand it to the chief guest; that is, the person at his left. Of course, this points directly to Judas.

From the same source we learn the place of Peter at the table. The reproof of Jesus had touched the heart of Peter; and, instead of continuing the dispute for precedence, he hastened to place himself at the foot of the table, directly opposite to John.

The order of the story may now be arranged as follows:—

1. The dispute for precedence (Luke xxii. 24).

2. The reproof of Jesus and his warning to Peter and the other apostles (Luke xxii. 24–38).

3. Washing the feet of the disciples (John xiii. 4–17).

4. The passage in regard to the betrayal. Question of John and of Judas, and answer of Jesus. Judas goes out (John xiii. 21–30).

5. Words of Jesus, John xv., xvi.; and xvii. (John xiii. and xiv. being possibly spoken at the supper in Bethany).

6. Gethsemane. The arrest (Luke xxii. 39–53).

7. The trial. Peter's denial (Luke xxii. 54 to xxiii. 25).

8. The crucifixion (Mark xv. 15–47).

The old version begins the story of the washing of the disciples' feet, "Supper being ended." But in the revised version we find that it should read: "During supper" Jesus "riseth from supper, and layeth aside his garments, and took a towel, and girded himself. Then he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded."

John's story would lead us to infer that Jesus came to Peter after washing the feet of others; but all through John's Gospel there are marks of the slight divergences from the sequence of the story incident to the work of one who is writing down something in answer to questions. Peter's words, "Lord, of me, washest thou the feet?" indicate great surprise. But Peter would not have felt this surprise, had Jesus already washed the feet of the other disciples. The simple reason for Peter being the first is that he sat at the end of the

table, and Jesus naturally came first to him. But we know that John sat at the end next to Jesus. Therefore, Peter must have sat at the foot of the table.

Having resumed his garments and seated himself (reclined) again at the table, Jesus called attention to the object-lesson that he had just given. The disciples needed these recurring lessons in humility and the duty of "in honor preferring one another"; and, as this was his last opportunity, he made the lesson as forcible as possible. Washing the feet of guests was the office of a slave.

Then, as John tells us, Jesus was "troubled in spirit," and said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you that one of you shall betray me."

They were "exceeding sorrowful," and began to say unto him, every one, Is it I, Lord?"

Judas was obliged to ask this question also, else his silence would have been remarked. But Peter, anxious to know of whom Jesus spoke, beckoned across the table to John (if opposite, he could do this without being necessarily observed; but possibly John rose, and they spoke together in a low voice), asking John to question Jesus privately.

On the supposition that the seats were arranged as Edersheim has explained, this part of the story is easily understood. John, "leaning back as he was, on Jesus' breast," whispered to him, "Lord, who is it?" Now, had Judas been seated farther off, Jesus might have mentioned his name. But Judas was within hearing; and Jesus therefore did what any one might have done under such circumstances,—made use of a circumlocution, that Judas might not hear his own name. No attention was attracted by giving the "sop" to Judas, for all expected that Judas would first receive it; and only to John did this action signify that Judas was the betrayer.

Judas was now gone; and, the restraint of his presence being removed, Jesus at once rises to that height of spiritual life and strength which is expressed in the sublime passages preserved for us by John and by no other evangelist. All the treasures of his own faith, hope, and love he pours out upon these weak disciples, in the confidence that he will thus strengthen them for the fearful trial close upon them, and for the days when they will hear his voice no more.

"Now is the Son of Man glorified!" are his first words; and then follow those which have been the comfort and strength of mourners through all time, ending with the divine prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John.

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While Jesus was comforting and encouraging the poor timid disciples, and endeavoring to prepare them for the storm about to break, he seems to have lost sight, for the moment, of the overwhelming nature of the catastrophe. But in the Garden of Gethsemane all the horror of the circumstances seems to have been felt by him. He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death!" With anguish he prayed that even at this last moment the calamity might yet be averted. Again and again he sought the disciples, who could so little enter into his feelings, and to whom he yet turned instinctively for sympathy in that supreme moment; the reproach, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" being instantly followed by the generous desire to find an excuse for their seeming heartlessness.

The man who thinks of death only as it affects himself will naturally meet it with calmness and serenity. But to the reformer the bitterness of death is the lost cause, for the sake of which he would die many deaths,—nay, would live a life harder to bear than death. In the elements of the situation, Jesus saw not only the rapidly approaching destruction of his own nation (which, through him, might have become the religious teachers of the whole world), but the long centuries of evil and sin, which have lasted even to this day, and which might, through his influence, have been so different. That we see in this the cup which he prayed "might pass" from his lips, who can doubt that has thoughtfully considered the situation? At the end of nineteen centuries we are still struggling almost hopelessly with these evils. What would the world be now, had war, slavery, and other forms of sin been abolished nineteen centuries ago? To the clear insight of Jesus and to his tender heart, the perception of all this woe and wrong which might have been averted may well have caused suffering almost unendurable.

With the approach of the Roman soldiers, led by the traitor, Judas, the power which had hitherto sustained him returned; and he went forward to meet them with a bearing so majestic that the rude soldiers were terrified. The foremost ones hastily retreated on those behind; and these, pressing forward, were thrown down. There was a moment's hesitation, even after Jesus had asked, "Whom seek ye?" and, in an-

swer to the reply, "Jesus of Nazareth," had said, "I am he." The question, "Whom seek ye?" had to be repeated twice; but this gave time for Jesus to ask that the disciples might be allowed to go free. Peter, after one hasty thrust, wounding the servant of the high priest, fled with the other disciples. (Perhaps this demonstration caused Peter to be more afraid of being recognized afterward, in the house of the priest.)

There are two accounts of the examination before Caiaphas. That in John seems to refer to a more private interview (John xviii. 19–24); that in the Synoptics, to a public investigation before some of the Sanhedrists called together for that purpose by Caiaphas. It was not a regular meeting of the Sanhedrin, but of some of the members; not in the council hall, but in the house of the high priest.

Although without the power to pronounce a sentence, Caiaphas seems to have adhered to the usual customs in examining the witnesses. That two witnesses, examined separately, should agree in their testimony was necessary. But at first all the witnesses examined broke down. At last came two (probably prepared by the priest) who reported the saying of Jesus at the time of driving the money-changers from the temple,—"Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up" (John ii. 19, 20). This satisfied the high priest. But he desired to force an answer from Jesus which would be an excuse for condemning him; and, as Jesus said nothing at all in reply to these garbled statements, the high priest turned to him with the solemn question and adjuration which brought forth the answer (Matt. xxvi. 63, 64). The high priest followed the usual programme in such cases, rending his clothes, and calling on the assembly for the vote.

The next step was to bring Jesus before Pilate, as the only means of causing him to be condemned to death.

Although the words of Jesus were sufficient to condemn him, in the mind of the priests, they preferred to bring forward something else, in accusing him before Pilate, and declared that Jesus had forbidden the Jews to pay tribute to Cæsar, and had called himself an anointed king. Pilate seems to have had no faith in the first statement and not much in the second. However, he questioned Jesus in private; and, as Jesus was willing to explain to him that his kingdom was a spiritual one, he realized that the Roman authority had nothing to fear from him. No doubt he divined the personal enmity of the accusers, and wished to dismiss the charge, probably knowing that Jesus was popular with the multitudes, and remembering the recent entry into Jerusalem, where riding on the ass signified his peaceful character. But the priests persisted, assuring Pilate that Jesus "stirred up the people, teaching throughout all Judea, and beginning from Galilee, even unto this place." Pilate caught at this, and asked if Jesus were not a Galilean; for this gave him an excuse for getting rid of the matter by sending him to Herod.

Before Herod, Jesus was silent, as before the priests, though he had consented to answer Pilate. Herod, disappointed in his hope of seeing some miracle worked by Jesus, became angry, and sent him back to Pilate.

Pilate wished to have recourse to the customary folly of the weak—a compromise. Knowing Jesus to be innocent, he should have released him. He proposed to scourge him, and then set him free. But the violence of the Jews was too much for him; and he finally gave the sentence, vainly imagining that, by pretending that he could not help it, no part of the guilt of this judicial murder could be laid to his charge.

As Jesus was led away to be crucified there followed a great many people, among them women, weeping and mourning. That the thoughts of Jesus were on the sad future of his country, his pathetic words to these women show (Luke xxiii. 28–31).

It is only in Luke that we find the words, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." It is commonly supposed that these were spoken while the Roman soldiers were nailing Jesus to the cross. We should have lost them if it had not been for Luke, who seems to have learned of them either from the soldiers or from the women who were near the cross.

It is not strange that the men disciples of Jesus were not allowed to approach the cross until after this moment. There might otherwise have been danger of an attempt at a rescue. But Mary and her friends could do no harm, and may have heard what Jesus said. A little later John, at least, was with them.

That Matthew, and Peter, the friend of Mark, both record the words, "Eloi, eloi, lama sabachthani,"—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—and that they give them in the Aramaic, is very interesting and curious. These are the only words of Jesus that they repeat. Luke tells the

story of the two malefactors, and says that, after Jesus had "cried, with a loud voice," he said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit" (besides the words already quoted). John, who seems not to have heard the words, "Father, forgive them," stands quite near the cross, hears Jesus say, "I thirst," and observes minutely the doings of the soldiers in dividing the garments of Jesus (more slightly mentioned by Luke), and tells how Jesus spoke to him from the cross, saying, "Behold—thy mother!" and to Mary, "Behold—thy son!"

Jesus, in agony of mind and body, was repeating hymns to himself; (the Hebrew hymns that we call Psalms). When he came to the one beginning, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Ps. xxii.), the strange appropriateness of these words struck him; and he cried them out aloud. The Roman soldiers did not understand them. But the apostles, who were at a distance, both heard and understood, and were pierced to the heart by them, though words spoken in a lower tone were not audible to them. It is natural to suppose that Jesus would repeat his favorite Psalms; and if we turn to this one (Ps. xxii.), we find something of deep interest.

If, as before suggested, the desire of the heart of Jesus was that all the nations of the earth should be raised to a higher religious life, and the exclusiveness of the Jews should give place to something nobler and more generous, which would make them the leaders of the world, such passages as these become of deep interest:—

"All the ends of the earth shall remember, and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee" (v. 27).

"They shall come, and declare his righteousness unto a people that shall be born" (v. 31).

John, to whom all the Psalms were familiar, was reminded of another passage of the same one:—

"They parted my garments among them, "And upon my vesture did they cast lots" (v. 18).

This shows the Jewish origin of the Gospel of John, and is one of the unconscious touches that prove its genuineness.

Edersheim thinks that, when Jesus spoke to John and to Mary, John took Mary away to his house, and, leaving her there, returned again. The other women, when John went away, may have retreated to a little distance from the neighborhood of the rough Roman soldiery, and stood with the other disciples until John returned; and after this came the words, "I thirst," "It is finished," "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

This last sentence is not reported by John. Luke seems to have heard it from the Roman centurion. It is a quotation from Psalm xxxi. But the word "Father" does not occur in the Psalm. Edersheim beautifully notes that the "My God, my God," of the first invocation, has changed into the "Father." He says, "He spoke them for his people in a two-fold sense: on their behalf, that they might be able to speak them; and *for them,* that henceforth they might speak after him. How many thousands have pillowed their heads on them when going to rest! They were the last words of a Polycarp, a Bernard, Huss, Luther, and Melanchthon. And to us, also, they may be the fittest and the softest lullaby."

The brief spring day was verging toward the Sabbath. It was not only a Sabbath, but an important day in the Paschal feast. The Jews asked leave to remove the bodies of the crucified, and Pilate consented.

Now came forward Joseph of Arimathea, a Sanhedrist, and asked for the body of Jesus. Nicodemus came with him to the "new tomb," bringing spices. The disciples seem not to have been present; but the women, the companions of Mary, watched from a little distance.

So ended that day, apparently the darkest of all the days of history, which nevertheless we commemorate as "Good Friday."

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## *THE STILL HOUR.*

A HYMN OF TRUST.

O Love Divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## A LITANY.

FROM PAUL'S EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS AND GALATIANS.

O Thou, who didst command the light to shine out of darkness, and hast shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, establish us in Christ and anoint us.

Seal us Thine, O Lord, and give us the earnest of Thy Spirit in our hearts.

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, give us grace and peace.

Confirm us unto the end, that we may be blameless in the day of the Lord Jesus.

O Thou, who wilt bring to light the things of darkness, and make manifest the counsels of the hearts, and whose Spirit searcheth all things, help us to renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, and to speak as of sincerity, as of God, and as in the sight of God.

Take away, Lord, the veil from our hearts, and let the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, the image of God, shine upon us.

May we not walk in craftiness, nor handle the word of God deceitfully; may we judge ourselves, and not be judged; may we keep under our body and bring it into subjection; may we watch, quit us like men, and be strong; and, having the spirit of faith, may we believe and therefore speak.

Grant, O Lord, that we faint not; but, though our outward man perish, may our inward man be renewed day by day.

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Father Everlasting, in whose hands our times are, we look to Thee with perfect trust; we own Thee as the only Lord of life and death. Do with us as Thou wilt; call us to our work or to our rest; bid us take our burden or lay it down. But abide with us, night and day; and give us strength to do and bear Thy perfect Will, rejoicing, unto the end, in Thee.—*Martineau.*

I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—*Paul.*

## THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. E. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

See requests from Mrs. David Owens, Miss Goode (Mrs. Bryant), Miss Frye, Mrs. Mitchell.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following list of books. Address Miss E. Clarke, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "Cambridge Platform of Church Discipline and Confession of Faith," Nathaniel Emmons, D.D.; "Sermons" (second series), Rev. F. W. Robertson; "The Gospel of Paul," Rev. C. C. Everett; "Catholicity, Protestantism and Romanism," Rev. F. C. Ewer; "The Strenuous Life," Theodore Roosevelt; "The Roosevelt Bears" (children's picture-book), Seymour Eaton; "Fighting France," Edith Wharton; "In Nazareth Town and Other Poems," John W. Chadwick.

Mrs. Turner Hodgdon, Abbott Road, Dedham, Mass., offers the following: "Tales of the Days of Washington"; "History of William the Conqueror," "History of Alfred the Great," "History of Pyrrhus," "History of King Charles I.," "History of Cyrus the Great," several volumes of the "Rollo" and "Franconia" books; "American Pioneers and Patriots," Jacob Abbott; "Needlework from Magazines," illustrated; "Recipes of All Kinds"; "The Red City," Mitchell; "The Colonials"; "The Draytons and the Davenants"; "With Lee in Virginia," Henty; "Master Frisby's Heroism"; "The Short Cut"; "Boy Scout Year Book—1917"; "Young Benjamin Franklin"; "Ellen Dacre"; "The Bracelets," Edgeworth; "The Princess," Tennyson; "Half Year at Broncton"; "The Prince of the House of David," illustrated; "Life of Jesus," Dr. Howard Brown; "Children of the Gospel Days"; "Deacon Herbert's Bible Class," James Freeman Clarke; "Palestine and Syria," Cook's Tourist Handbook, 1891; Holy Bible; Revised Version New Testament; "Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated; "Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers."

Brookline (First Parish) Branch offers the following. Apply to Miss Brazer, 141 Summit Avenue, Brookline, Mass. "Sir Roger de Coverley," Addison; "School Physics," Appleton; "Life of Franz Schubert," Austin; "Handbook of Proverbs," Bohn; "Essay on Warren Hastings," Macaulay; "Ancient Hebrew Literature," vol. iii.; "The Prophets" (from the Bible); "Literature of the South of Europe" (Spain and Portugal), Sismondi; "English Composition," Wendell; "The Beauty Spot," De Musset; "A Bubble," Walford; "Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary," Edwin Arnold; "Selected Poems," Matthew Arnold; "West-Easterly Divan," Goethe; "Metrical Musings," Rinehart; "Songs and Sonnets," Shakespeare; "Shakespeare's Works," edited by Collier, vols. iii. and vi.; "Lyrics and Minor Poems," Shelley; "Coffee and Repartee," Bangs; "Are You a Bromide?" Burgess; "Life," Verres; "Fudge Doings," vol. ii., Ik Marvel; *Harvard Graduates' Magazine,* 1917 and 1918; *Red Cross Magazine,* 1917 and 1918; *Southern Workman,* 1917 and 1918; *Outlook,* 1917 and 1918.

The Brighton Branch offers the following. Apply to Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Coolidge Corner, Boston, Mass. "Faith Gartney's Girlhood"; "The Missioner"; "Four Roads to Paradise"; "The Wonder Woman"; "The Green Englishman"; "Days with the Poets" (Keats); "L' Allegro and Il Penseroso" (Milton); "The Great English Writers"; "Franklin Fifth Reader"; "Otto's French Grammar"; "Le Cid," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon" (in French). Also these magazines: *Woman's Home Companion,* 1918; *Ladies' Home Journal,* 1917 (six months); *McClure's,* 1918 (six months); *Literary Digest,* 1918 and 1917 (six months); *American,* 1917; *Red Cross,* 1917–1918; *Geographic,* 1917; *McCall's,* 1918 (six months).

REQUESTS.

1. I should like *McCall's Magazine* and *Woman's Home Companion.* I have had influenza and have been confined to my room for some time. Mrs. R. D. Gillespie, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

2. Miss Beulah Jamerson, Dodson, Virginia, asks for letters and reading.

3. I wish to thank those who have sent reading matter to me for the last year; and I still would like anything that could be sent to me, for I enjoy reading, especially the *Ladies' Home Journal* and good books. I should like scrap-pieces of any kind, bits of ribbons or ginghams for my quilt, to help pass away the lonely hours. My cousin would like it if some of the Cheerful Letter friends would send her some story-books, fairy-tales, etc.; she would enjoy any good reading. She is twelve years old and lives next door to me. She would be glad also of any cards and picture views. Her address is Ruby Bradley, Sandidges, Virginia, Route 2. My address is Miss Bessie D. Bradley, Sandidges, Virginia, Route 2, Box 33.

4. Some reading would be greatly appreciated; and I should enjoy getting cards and letters from any of the Cheerful Letter friends. I am married and have three children. Mrs. Everett Turner, Dodson, Virginia.

5. I have changed my address since I wrote to *The Cheerful Letter* last. It is now Mrs. David J. Owens, Fieldale, Virginia. I miss hearing from the friends. I am keeping house. Please send me scraps for patchwork.

6. I am asking for reading matter of any kind. I belonged to your book club once before when I was Miss Selma Goode, Dodson, Virginia. Now I am Mrs. E. R. Bryant, Ferrum, Virginia. I haven't been married very long and have much time for reading. I miss it very much. I should be glad also of some scraps for quilts.

7. It has been a long time since I heard anything from my Cheerful Letter friends, so that I think they have forgotten me when I need their help most. I should be very glad of some good reading matter, also some quilt pieces, as winter is with us now, and they would be very acceptable. I will pass the reading matter on to others. Mrs. Aldia Wyatt, Vulcan, Orange County, Virginia.

8. Mrs. Vera Walters, Marshville, North Carolina, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal* or any magazine. She is fond of crocheting; would like any patterns or scraps.

9. I should appreciate it very much if some kind friend would send me either *Needlecraft* or *Modern Priscilla.* Books of any kind would be appreciated. I spend so many days here all alone. I enjoy reading and do considerable fancy work. I thank you for all that has been sent to

me. Miss Lena Rackley, 16 South Seventh Street, Wilmington, North Carolina.

10. Miss Lillian V. Bryant, Dodson, Virginia, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal.* The family has had the influenza; the mother is still feeble and in need of cheer.

11. Mrs. W. R. Eanes, Bassett, Virginia, has had much sickness in her family and will appreciate reading, and scraps for patchwork.

12. I am a girl fifteen years of age and live in the country. My mother has been dead twelve years. I should appreciate some reading matter. Should like to correspond with some girl near my age. Grace M. Levy, Bumpass, Virginia, Route 1, Box 88.

13. If any one takes the *Ladies' Home Journal* or any good magazine for the year 1919, I should be pleased if they would send it to me after they are through with it, so I can pass the long winter evenings without getting so lonesome. We have moved to a small place and my address is changed from Rennert to Rex, North Carolina, Miss Nellie C. Frye.

14. It has been quite a while since I wrote you asking for reading. I wish to thank my Cheerful Letter friends for reading sent me and hope to receive more in the future, suitable for children from sixteen years down to five years of age. I am the mother of seven children and live on a farm two miles from town. I also ask for patchwork scraps and a small Sunday-school Bible. Mrs. S. D. Saunders, Tellico Plains, Tennessee, Route 2.

15. Ethel Ballard, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 235, asks for *Youth's Companion, Ladies' Home Journal,* or any magazine.

16. I wish to thank those who sent me reading in the past and hope they will still remember me. Should like to get storybooks for a little girl aged ten, and should be thankful for the *Delineator* for 1919 after it has been read, if any one has it to spare. Also should like books for boys and girls by Horatio Alger, Jr.; "How to Speak and Write Correctly," by Mrs. N. L. Knox; also pieces for patchwork,—ginghams, percales, or silk. Mrs. Mary E. Shelton, Campbell, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 41.

17. I am a little girl of nearly thirteen years. My birthday is May 27. I should like some good books to read, papers or magazines; also scraps of patchwork pieces for my quilt, and bits of ribbon for my little sisters. For reference I give Rev. Posy L. Nolen, Elamsville, Virginia. Edith E. Turner, Dodson, Virginia.

18. I want to thank all the Cheerful Letter friends for reading in the past. My husband and I get very lonely. We are both getting old, and live alone in a thinly settled neighborhood. I should appreciate a few pieces for my quilts to help me pass the hours this cold winter. Mrs. Pollie Sigmon, Elamsville, Virginia.

19. Mr. N. T. Hale, Lester, Kentucky, will be glad of magazines, which he will distribute.

20. Mrs. Emma Mitchell wishes to let her friends know she is now at Malakoff, Texas, Route 3, where she will be thankful for reading for herself and four children from sixteen to ten years of age.

21. Mrs. Emma Stevens, New Boston, New Hampshire, is almost a shut-in as the result of a very serious and painful operation. She is almost entirely alone during the day, and will be grateful for good fiction.

22. I live in a lonely country home with seven children to look after, ages running from one year to sixteen. I should be glad to receive books suitable for them; also current numbers of the *Ladies' Home Journal, Mother's Magazine,* and *Good Housekeeping;* also numbers of *The Cheerful Letter,* not having received any for a long while. I should be very glad if friends would remember me on the 25th of February with a shower of birthday cards and letters. I should also like to receive scraps of gingham and calico for patchwork. Mrs. S. M. Trevey, Snowden, Virginia.

23. *Scribner's Magazine* or *Harper's* is asked for by Mrs. Helen M. Warner, New Boston, New Hampshire.

24. Pictures and cards will be welcome to Miss Anna E. Tyson, Wadesboro, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 115. She is an invalid, has been to school but little, and is seventeen years old.

25. Frye's Geography is asked for by Mrs. Leonard Blankenship; also reading

and pictures for herself and little ones aged from eleven months to twelve years. Address Whittle's Depot, Virginia.

26. Miss Myrta Eshbaugh writes expressing appreciation of kindness shown by the friends. She is suffering more than usual and would enjoy a good book. Address, Tionesta, Pennsylvania.

27. I have six girls and two boys, aged from six to twenty-one years, and I should like very much to have good reading matter; story-books for the children, and patchwork for quilts will be appreciated. I should like to have a correspondent. I am a farmer's wife, hard worker, living on rented land, and of course if any one has anything that would delight children it will be appreciated highly if sent. Mrs. Sallie McLendon, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 2, Box 100.

28. Mrs. Walter L. Burley, Madison Heights, Virginia, spends most of her time alone and will be very grateful for *Youth's Companion* and *Needlecraft.*

29. "The Master Mind," published in Los Angeles, California, is asked for by Mrs. Lora Merrick, Methuen, Mass.

30. I am a farmer's daughter and live in a lonely place. I should be glad of reading to help pass the hours away, for mother's health is so that she can only stay in the house. Reading would be so much pleasure to her; also pieces for patchwork. Mary Howard, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 3, Box 12.

31. Mrs. Flora Helms, Marshville, North Carolina, R. D. 4, will be grateful for *St. Nicholas,* "Alice in Wonderland," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and something for her twin boys, five years of age.

32. Mrs. R. M. Tyree, Concord Depot, Virginia, sends a "thank you" to the Book Club and asks for *Youth's Companion, Ladies' Home Journal* or *Woman's Home Companion.*

33. Mrs. H. C. Phillips, Buena Vista, Virginia, lives in a lonely place with no school nearer than six miles. She has seven children from eleven months to sixteen years, the oldest boy a cripple for life. Reading, post-cards, and pictures will be a pleasure to them.

34. I am writing you to thank you all who have sent me reading matter in the past and hope you all will remember me again. It has been quite a while since I received any reading. I sure like the little *Cheerful Letter* paper and should like for some one to send it to me. I am fifty-two years old and can't get out to work much. It would be so much pleasure to hear from some of the friends of my age and to get some reading. Mrs. M. J. McEary, Athens, Texas, Route 1, Box 41.

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## *THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.*

### THE COUNTRY CHILD IN WINTER.

So many of our American farmhouses are situated in very rigorous climates that a good many mothers will not think the out-of-doors a possible playground in winter-time. This is less true than they are apt to think. On almost any sunny day in winter, little children, if warmly dressed, will benefit far more by a brisk, romping, active half-hour's running and jumping than city babies do in their swathed, motionless outing in a baby-carriage. When really bad weather drives them in, as it should do very seldom, the country mother has a great advantage in space. For there is about a farm nearly always some corner, a woodshed, a corner of the barn, an attic, or an unused room where the little folks may romp and play actively.

A pan of beans or shelled corn, with a wide-mouthed bottle and a spoon, will keep a two- or three-year-old happy and absorbed for a long time. A pan of bran and a handful of clothes-pins occupy even a baby of fourteen months as he pushes them into the closely packed bran and pulls them out. A big rag-doll, the size of a small child, is easy to make, stuffed with cotton. All children love a big doll of this sort, and delight to dress it and undress it in their own clothes. They learn in this way to handle buttons and buttonholes, and to master the difficulties of shoes and belts and sleeves. A new corn-cob pipe and a small bowl of soap-suds means harmless fun for the five-year-old, who is always watched with rapture by the smaller ones.

And then there are blocks, perennial blocks, which need not at all be bought from a store. A father with a plane and a saw can plane a couple of two-by-four stocks and in half an hour make as many square or oblong blocks (2" x 4" x 6" is a good

size) as any child needs to play with. These large blocks not only cost practically nothing, but are much better for the little children to use than the smaller expensive kind that are sold; and the set will outlast a family of most strenuous children.

A collection of empty spools of different sizes is a treasure for the child of three, who will rejoice in stringing them on a cord passed through a bodkin. When he is a little older and has learned skill in this exercise, he may graduate to stringing buttons with a real needle and thread. On baking-day a small lump of dough (made less sticky by working more flour into it) which can be rolled and played with on a bit of smooth board is great fun for little folks; and let the mother constantly remember that any fun which is secured by using the hands not only makes the child happy, but is of educational value.

A box of dry corn-cobs can convert a free corner of the floor into a farm with log-cabin house, rail fences, and barns.

A rag-bag into which the children may dive and delve is a resource for rainy hours, and if the mother is at hand to keep an eye on the process and tell what colors and materials are, to suggest matching those colors and stuffs which are identical and to make agreeable combinations with others, rag-bag hour is as educational as any exercise in a carefully run modern school.—*Dorothy Canfield Fisher, in the Christian Register.*

## *NATURAL HISTORY.*

### THE MULES' RESPONSE TO KINDNESS.

An Englishman in charge of fifty mules sent to the front untrained and more or less wild, writes home: "I have never allowed a switch to be used, or a mule to be hardly treated by beating, nor have I allowed them to be put in stocks when being shod. Kindness has paid in a wonderful way. Our mules let us do what we like with them. There are still one or two timid ones, but we have no difficulty in harnessing, shoeing, or handling, and they are the most willing and sensible of beasts, except when they are up against a load which they cannot move, and in that case they jib. They have no disease of any kind. Indeed, I was congratulated the other day on having the best-conditioned mules in the division, not a poor one amongst them."

Another officer says: "I have sixty animals to look after. They are mostly mules and some horses. I have some heavy horses who plod along at two and a half miles an hour, and are as playful as kittens in an elephantine way. But for cuteness and brains give me a mule! Not obstinate, as some people imagine, but suspicious unless they know and trust you, and very nervous with strangers. They are also very playful. The great thing is never to hit them or brutalize them. They are destructive as puppies and are guaranteed to eat anything except metals. For hard work under awful conditions they beat horses every time, as nothing upsets them in the way of hardship, and they thrive on nothing if kindly treated. As they get a good ration they are, of course, fat as butter, and being well groomed they have coats like a Persian cat."—*Our Four-footed Friends.*

## *CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.*

### KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

*(Continued.)*

These stories of an ancient hero-king of Britain were for many centuries told and retold without being written down. Then, between four and five hundred years ago, Sir Thomas Malory made a book of the familiar tales. The quaint, old-fashioned language of the stories gives them an added charm.

Sir Launcelot arose and looked out of the window, and in the moonlight he saw a knight who had knocked, and three armed men who were closely pursuing him. And he perceived that it would be with much difficulty the one might stand against three.

"It were shame to me," thought Sir Launcelot, "to let three men thus set upon one," so he leaped out of the window to the ground, and cried in a loud voice to the three, "Turn you unto me, and leave that one man alone!"

So the three did all rush upon Sir Launcelot; but he with six strokes brought them all to earth. And they cried, "Sir knight, we yield us unto you as a man of matchless might."

"Not so," replied Sir Launcelot; "I will not that you yield to me; it is to this knight Sir Kay, that ye must own yourselves vanquished." For he knew that the solitary horseman who had been so nearly overcome was none other than the king's foster brother, a fellow of the Round Table.

"Fair knight," said the three, "we are

loth to do that, for we might well have overcome him, had ye not been here. But to save our lives we will do as thou dost command."

"Then," said Sir Launcelot, "go now; but on Whitsunday next ye shall repair unto the court of King Arthur, and there shall ye yield yourselves unto Queen Guenevere, and put yourselves under her grace and mercy, saying that ye are sent as the prisoners of Sir Kay." And they swore to fulfil his command, and he suffered them to depart.

Then Sir Launcelot knocked on the gate with the pommel of his sword, and the host came to open the portal.

"Sir guest," said the host, "I had verily believed ye were in your bed."

"So I was indeed," answered Sir Launcelot, "but I arose by reason of the need of this friend, a knight of the Round Table of King Arthur." And then Sir Kay saw his rescuer plainly, and knew it was Sir Launcelot. And Sir Kay remained for a time at the house, but Sir Launcelot the next morning armed him again and rode away. And two days before the feast of Pentecost he came home to the court of King Arthur.

Back to the king's court came also the knights whom he had rescued from the dungeon of the evil Sir Turquine, and they told King Arthur and Queen Guenevere what valiant deeds had been done by their fellow knight. And soon came also Sir Kay, to tell how the strongest of all of them who sat at the Round Table had come to his help in the night of peril. And Sir Kay declared of the three who came to deliver themselves unto the queen, that it was not he who conquered them in fair fight, but indeed Sir Launcelot to whom praise was rightly due.

The high feast of Pentecost was held that year in a castle on the sands that bordered Wales. And as King Arthur sat at meat with the knights about the Round Table, there came into the hall a strange young man, tall and goodly to see. He went up to the king and said: "King Arthur, may God you bless and all your fair fellowship. For this cause am I come hither, to pray you to give me three gifts; and they shall be not unreasonably asked, but such as may honorably be granted. The first gift will I ask you now, and the other two will I ask this day twelvemonth, where you shall hold the high feast."

"Now ask," said King Arthur, "and thou shalt have thy asking."

"Now, sire, this is my first petition,—that ye give me meat and drink for this twelvemonth, and at that other day will I ask mine other two gifts."

"My fair son," said Arthur, "ask better, I counsel thee, for this is too simple an asking. My heart giveth me to thee greatly, for I believe thou art come of a worthy father. If I am not deceived in my heart, thou shalt yet prove thyself a man right worthy. What is thy name?"

"That I cannot tell you now, sire," said the stranger.

"Be it as thou wilt," said the king; and he summoned Sir Kay and bade him see that the new-comer lacked nothing. But Sir Kay despised the tall stranger, and believed not at all that there was in him the making of a noble knight. Sir Launcelot treated the unknown one with gentleness and courtesy. And for a twelvemonth did the stranger lodge with the kitchen boys. But whenever there was good riding and good fighting to see, or the sport of a tournament, there was the stranger watching. And wherever there was contest in casting a bar or a stone, there he was one to share the sport; and none could approach his might, not by two yards or more. And Sir Kay would say, "How like you now my boy of the kitchen?"

When the twelvemonth was past, all the knights gathered about the Round Table with the king, and as they sat at meat that day a damsel came and saluted the king and prayed him for succor.

"I come," said the damsel, "from a great lady who is shut up sadly in her castle, unable to come forth, and I pray that some knight of the Table Round may come to her aid."

Then came also, and stood before the king the young man who had been lodged in the castle; and he said, "Sire, it is now time that I ask the two other gifts ye promised to grant me."

"Ask," said the king.

"Sire, these shall be my two gifts. First, that ye will give me leave to go with this damsel to the succor of her lady, and, second, that ye shall bid Sir Launcelot of the Lake to make me a knight." "All this shall be done," promised King Arthur.

But the damsel scorned the offer. "Shall I have none but one that is your kitchen page?" she asked. And she departed, right angry. But Sir Launcelot listened. And after he himself had fought with the stranger, to prove his strength and true valor, he did give him the order of knighthood. And before he was made a knight, the stranger said to Sir Launcelot,

"My name is Gareth, brother to Sir Gawaine."

"Ah, Sir Gareth," said Sir Launcelot, "now am I gladder than before. I have ever bethought me that ye came of great blood, and that ye were not at the court for meat and drink." Then Sir Gareth made haste to overtake the damsel who had scorned him and his proffer of help.—*Adapted from Sidney Lanier.*

(*To be continued.*)

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## *A WAR EXPERIENCE.*

Through a news item in a Boston newspaper, some months ago, a captain of infantry at a Southern camp asked the people of Boston to write to a soldier in his command, in hospital at the time, who he knew received no mail.

I responded, and received in reply a card, "With thanks of a boy friend in camp." The same day I received a letter from the corporal of the other soldier's company, saying he also was a boy who liked to get letters, and asking if I would write to him or find some one who would, as he had not heard from his home in three years and was lonely. He had run away from home four years ago, enlisting and serving on the Mexican border. He had written his mother,—the only relative he had,—and she had turned him from her, writing that she wished to have no more to do with him, for what he had done.

I wrote that I would be glad to correspond with him, if he felt it would do him any good. I found he was a Catholic, but told him that would make no difference, as we were all fighting together in this great struggle. I begged him to write home to his mother, whom I felt he had grieved, and who, no doubt, down in her heart, would be glad to hang her one little service-flag in her window if she could know he was alive and well and going overseas,—and telling him how I should feel if it were my case.

Thinking over my second letter while he was on guard late one night, he cried for the first time since leaving home, and decided he would write to his mother, which he did. And she was so glad to hear from him that she telegraphed her answer and later wrote, sending him money for necessities for overseas, as he was about to leave.

He told her it was through my little sermon to him that he had written, and she sent me a message of good-will. He wrote he should lay it all to God and a stranger, and was happier than he had been in a long time; and if he ever came to Boston he should try and find me. He sailed away a little later and his card came to us when he arrived overseas. Now we wait to hear from him.—*A Correspondent.*

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## *PRAYER AND OUR PREPARATION FOR IT.*

If prayer is to be anything more than outward form, it must be the expression of some real want. To "say our prayers" is not *to pray*. And thoughts without affections are far from constituting a good prayer. We are apt to confound an intellectual approbation of goodness with the desire for goodness. But it is one thing to see what we ought to wish, and another thing to wish for it. To meditate upon our wants, our sins, our occasions of gratitude, is a very good preparation for prayer; but it is not until meditation becomes affection that prayer really begins.

Again, we are often in danger of mistaking sentimental prayer for the prayer of conviction, faith, and love. The feeling of reverence forms a good preparation for prayer and for the religious life, but such sentiments do not, by themselves, constitute Christian prayer; they do not always permanently connect themselves with the character. The only real Christian prayer, the only efficient prayer, is the prayer not of form but of faith; not of the intellect but of the heart; not flowing from a transient emotion but from a permanent purpose.

Many persons torment themselves needlessly, because they do not find in themselves the same devotional tendencies which they observe in others. On the other hand, those in whom the devotional sentiment is in surplus by natural endowment may be contented to rest therein, and so make of prayer a purely sentimental exercise and enjoyment. Those who are deficient in this beautiful tendency should not be discouraged, and those who possess it should not be unduly self-satisfied. If we are not thus endowed it does not follow that we cannot pray with depth and power. Conviction, purpose, a right direction of heart and life, will make our prayers genuine and joyful.

We need to have the right Love, Belief, and Purpose embodied in the tenor of our life, in order to pray aright. First, therefore, comes the Preparation of the Heart.

It is clear that we cannot ask for anything earnestly except we wish for it. Except we are in our heart loving and seeking for spiritual things, we cannot sincerely ask for them. To pray to any good purpose, the general wish and desire of our soul must be for goodness. He only can pray heartily whose heart is right with God,—who is, in the deepest tendency of his hidden life, longing to know and love and serve God. Where this tendency does not exist, there is always an effort required for prayer.

Often it will happen that we find ourselves for a time estranged from God; we find it difficult to pray; we have nothing to say; we pray from a memory of past needs rather than from a sense of present ones. . . . Then a special preparation becomes necessary. We pray God *to teach us how to pray.* And out of such genuine humility there springs up once more a sincere desire, and our prayer again becomes an utterance of the heart.

Prayer is approaching voluntarily the Holiest and Loftiest Being.

You would not run heedlessly into the presence of an eminent person. You would wish to be in a calm, true, and gentle mood. Is not equal reverence due to God? Realize now where you are and Who is near you; Whose eye is upon you. . . . Realize that God is very nigh,—not afar off upon some distant throne, but giving the very breath which speaks His praise, moving the very pulse which throbs in warm gratitude to Him, the Life of our life. Then let your words be breathed reverently to Him who knows the unuttered thought.

And when we realize that we are in God's presence, let us understand ourselves. Are we sensible that it was God's love which welcomed us in the morning in the fresh air and the bright sky,—that it was God's love which shone upon us from the kind eyes of earthly affection, or when a thought came to us of high and generous virtue? If we have seen God in these gifts, then we shall thank Him sincerely now.

So, too, in our prayer, we are about to confess our sins. Do we think how our feelings have been morose, our temper fretful, our words harsh and unkind? Do we remember how we have missed opportunities, through our selfishness or indolence, of doing action which would have made others happier or better? Do we remember the careless words we have spoken, some of which were barbed arrows of unkind surmise, of harsh and cruel judgment? Perhaps we have thought of our neighbor only to use him for our profit, to sneer at his character, to wound his feelings. . . . If we question ourselves, we shall be able to say with sincerity in our prayer, "God, be merciful to *me a sinner.*"

We propose to ask God to deliver us from evil and to make us pure and holy. But let us be sure that we really do *wish to be delivered from evil,* that we are really conscious of the guilt and woe of sin, that we are deeply submissive to the will of God, and are ready to have Him do with us what He will. Judging by the past, we may see how unfit we are to meet our duties and responsibilities, how certainly we shall always fail in the hour of temptation, as we always have fallen, *unless* God shall create in us a new heart, inspire us with a deeper faith, and a more solemn sense of eternal realities. Such reflections as these will make us in earnest, when we ask Divine help.

A further preparation may come to us out of the deeper experiences of life. When we can say with the Psalmist, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O, God," then we have achieved also the moral preparation for prayer, the preparation of a moral experience.

There are times when we seem to descend, step by step, into profound depths of trial and sorrow. But from these depths the heart sees God more clearly than from the sunny hilltops of a happy life, as persons can see the stars at midday from the bottom of a well. When all around us grows dark, the inward light grows stronger and clearer.

Below this depth there is another,—the depth of sin. What a terrible moment is that which reveals to us our sins! Conscious of our degradation, of our chilled affections, of our debased purposes, what can we do, in a moment of remorse, but cry unto God? Out of this depth, too, we may cry and be heard.

But if there are these depths of sorrow, there are also deep places of joy, when life suddenly becomes rich and full and hopeful, when all within and around smiles. Then, too, there comes to us an inward light. We see the beauty of holiness, of purity, of generosity, of heroic self-denial, and, humbling ourselves before them as

little children, we are rewarded with a child's joy.

Such are some of the deep moments of life, which make our common prayers to flow, not from the surface of the mind, but from the deep places of the mind. The deep thought is our real, abiding conviction. The superficial thought is our present belief, our transient opinion. With his superficial thoughts a man might pray for piety, truth, and goodness, for virtue and heaven, while meantime, with his deepest convictions, he really prays for wealth, triumphs, honors, popularity. For those he really longs; *that,* then, is his real prayer. A man prays well who prays out of the depths of his actual life. If we are living towards generous and humane ends, if we are living to advance a little the upward progress of humanity, to remove a little the crushing burdens which rest on human hearts, if we are living to do good to others and to become better ourselves, oh, how easily shall we pray out of such a life as this! As naturally as smoke ascends to lose itself and become pure in the upper regions of the air, so will our anxious and troubled thoughts rise to God, and find themselves calmed and strengthened in His presence. *We shall pray our work and act our prayers.* Thus shall we call upon God evermore, out of the depths of life and out of the depths of the mind.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can!*

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Great men grow greater by the lapse of time:
We know those least whom we have seen the latest;
And they, 'mongst those whose names have grown sublime,
Who worked for Human Liberty are greatest.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

God keep us through the common days,
The level stretches, white with dust,
When thought is tired, and hands upraise
Their burdens feebly, since they must.
In days of slowly fretting care
Then most we need the strength of prayer.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

God, the great, the holy, is everywhere. We have Him out under the broad arch of heaven, and we have Him in our own hearts.—*Auerbach.*

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is made beautiful by the shining through it of God.—*Jacobi.*

When we are most filled with heavenly love, and only then, are we best fitted to bear with human infirmity.—*Hare.*

Seek God in those hours which have appeared to you so empty, and they will become full; for He Himself will sustain you in them.—*Fénelon.*

God asks no man whether he will accept life. That is not the choice. You *must* take it. The only choice is,—*how.*—*Beecher.*

Thou, O God, hast created us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it finds rest in Thee.—*Augustine.*

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## *THE ELIXIR.*

(THE SPIRIT WHICH DOES ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.)

Teach me, my God and King
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in any thing
To do it as for Thee.

A man that looks on glass
On that may stay his eye
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, *For Thy Sake,*
Will not grow fair and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as to Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

—*George Herbert.*

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Every one of us must conquer himself, and we may do so if we take our conscience as our guide and general.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

Let us do our duty in our shop and in ir kitchen, the market, the street, the fice, the school, the home, just as faithlly as if we stood in the front rank of me great war, and we knew that victory r mankind depended upon our bravery, rength, and skill. When we do that imblest of us will be serving in that great rmy which achieves the welfare of the orld.—*Theodore Parker.*

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## THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 238 Willow Ave., West Somerville, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

### I.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the eighteen sentences below appear as many words (one in each sentence) which if found and written one below the other will spell an event that took place in March.

1. The wind was from the east.
2. The vacant house was destroyed by fire.
3. Where are the boys?
4. The Arts and Crafts store has many beautiful things for sale.
5. Use care, when you have a fire, to destroy old paper.
6. The air was full of smoke.
7. The war is near an end.
8. The ice will not hold, so be careful.
9. "On, Stanley, On," were the last words of Marmion.
10. The barn is near the road.
11. The game of football is enjoyed by all.
12. The fort was taken only by the great loss of men.
13. The baby is in the carriage in the yard.
14. The destruction of the war has been great.
15. Sleep is needed by all.
16. "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
17. The boys went to camp on the afternoon train.
18. The fire was near the river.

### II.

A SQUARE.

1. The Ex-President of the United States.
2. Synonym for definite space.
3. Anxiety.
4. A leguminous plant cultivated as food for horses and cattle.

### III.

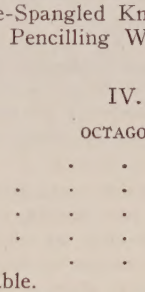
CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Just Won Him (one hymn).
2. Wofully Dull Heroines.
3. Jolly Good Scribe.
4. Fame-Spangled Knight.
5. Nice Pencilling Ways.

—*Selected.*

### IV.

OCTAGON.



1. Suitable.
2. A working garment.
3. To talk idly.
4. Carried.
5. Masculine nickname.

—*St. Nicholas.*

### V.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE—FAMOUS AUTHORS.

2, 1, 25, 1, 18, 4 20, 1, 25, 12, 15, 18.

8, 5, 14, 18, 25, 23, 12, 15, 14, 7, 6, 5, 12, 12, 15, 23.

23, 9, 12, 12, 9, 1, 13 19, 8, 1, 11, 19, 16, 5, 1, 18, 5.

7, 5, 15, 18, 7, 5 7, 15, 18, 4, 15, 14, 14, 15, 5, 12 2, 25, 18, 15, 14.

10, 1, 13, 5, 19 18, 21, 19, 19, 5, 12, 12 12, 15, 23, 5, 12, 12.

*Answers to puzzles in the February number.*

I. CURTAILINGS: 1. Beet—bee. 2. Card—car. 3. Heath—heat. 4. Tone—ton. 5. Tope—top.

II. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Washington, Longfellow.

III. CANNED GOODS: 1. Canterbury. 2. Canard. 3. Candid. 4. Canon. 5. Canoe. 6. Canary. 7. Candle.

IV. ADDITIONS: 1. Her—herd. 2. Hie—hive. 3. Hoar—hoard. 4. Air-lair.

V. HALF-SQUARE: L A O N
A N N
O N
N

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

**Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Hubert Pope, 39 Kenneth Street, West Roxbury, Mass.**

**Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer St., Boston, Mass.**

**Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.**

### OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In sending subscriptions for *The Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

## INFORMATION NEEDED.

On February 10, the Cheerful Letter E change received an envelope postmark "Brooklyn, N.Y.," containing a fifty-ce piece but *no address*. If the person wh wished to renew her subscription wou communicate with the Exchange, it wou clear up this matter.

## IMPORTANT NOTICES.

### OFFERS.

Givers of books are reminded that on books of instructive or wholesome natu should be offered in the Book Club. Cla sics, educational works, and standard nove are always acceptable.

### REQUESTS.

THE ATTENTION OF READERS IS CALLED THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter E change that no one may ask for mone clothing, or other articles, except books a magazines.

The name of any person who fails to ob this rule will be dropped from our list. A worker receiving such a request should se the letter at once to headquarters.

### CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers start a circulating library in any sm community needing one, providing prop location and care can be furnished a satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Fran lin Street, Newton, Mass.

### STUDIES AT HOME.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons any one who wishes. We can help teach at home for higher grades, or others w cannot continue their school studies. L sons will be given in all subjects. Ple apply to Mrs. Elmer E. Hudson, 5 Alv ton Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

### MUSIC.

The music sent out by this departm has in the past given much pleasure; a now that there is more and more inter in "community singing," the call for he may naturally be expected to be greater

Offers and requests should be sent Mrs. T. G. Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, N York City.